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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

MARCH 29,

1862.

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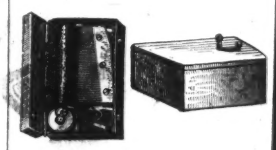

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AN AFTER DINNER THOUGHT.

"I HOPE THE LOBSTER SALAD ISN'T GOING TO DISAGREE WITH ME!"

A CHARMING CORRESPONDENT.

The polished people who do the world—we beg pardon—who direct *The World*—have a perfect love of a Parisian correspondent. He is a gentleman. We know that he is a gentleman, by a remark that he made in his last letter. He has been invited to a Court Ball at the Tuileries, and he writes to the people of New York to let them know that the champagne was "execrable." So was the claret. He says that he was also furnished with "cold punch," but doesn't say whether it was good or bad. Yet he gives us still more important information—how he hired "a blue coat and brass buttons" for the occasion—how the Emperor "wore pumps instead of boots" and has "short crooked legs," with a "fishy eye"—how CLOTHILDE has "a large mouth"—how the Princess MATHILDE is "a coarse, vulgar looking woman," how the Empress is a good creature, only a little "giddy"—how the Emperor is not a fine looking man and how Mr. DAYTON, the American Minister, is really beautiful. All this startling information, in the present deplorable dearth of domestic news, must have been highly refreshing to the readers of *The World*.

This polite observer says that his note of invitation astonished his landlady, who didn t dream that her lodger had the "*entrèe* to court;" though whether her spirits were further agitated by learning that he was obliged to hire a coat to go to the court in, is what we are not told. He says that he wore a sword; but he doesn't say, what we happen to know, from a private source, that his sword got between his legs, that he fell down the grand staircase, that he lost his senses, and, while writing this silly letter, managed as well as he could without them. Why will not *The World*, that mundane phenomenon, leave such flunkeyfied stuff to the *Herald?* At any rate the proprietors should give their "Own" gentleman's gentleman a coat. Think of "Our Own Correspondent'" of *The World* going to court in a hired coat! Why when our Porter goes to court—usually the Police Court—he never negotiates with MOSES, in Chatham street, for a hired coat. He goes in his own, or he goes in his shirt sleeves. If he did otherwise, we should, for the dignity of this establishment, discharge him.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

MASSASSANASSANASSASSAS, March 21.

DEAR VANITY:—I have taken this place.

My forward movement from the Potomac has begun....

I shall now go Onward to Richmond.

....Of all the impetuous and fiery-pated dashing young officers of my command, General GREELEY is the most sanguine and ardent. I never saw a young fellow so blood-thirsty. He is a hunky boy.

I nearly quarrelled with him, last Christmas, on account of his offensive demand for a nigger insurrection.

"Let 'em insurrect," said he, "and butcher the women and children, blast 'em. *That's* the way to make the Rebel army disband! I'm a philanthropist, and I always print "virtue" with a large "V," but I like a little fun as well as any man. Darn me if I don't."

It is due to HORACE to state that he was in liquor most of the time, about Christmas.

Now, however, he is nearly as bad. It hurt his feelings awfully to see these fortifications empty, and to learn that there was to be no horrible bloodshed and massacre after all.

When he saw the wooden dummies in the Centreville works, instead of cannon, he cried like a baby (Telegraphic, in *Tribune* of March 13.)

"O, dear," he sobbed, "what a burning shame! We might 'a' sabred 'em at their guns here, and never a bit of danger! O, O, why can't I get a chance to hack somebody to pieces. Blood! blood! Boo-hoo-hoo-oo!"

The poor fellow was so grieved that I had to give him one of our prisoners to shoot at. This relieved his mind a little, and he went to sleep swearing at General MCCLELLAN....that gentleman not being present.

I captured, here, a quantity of provisions, ammunitions, hospital stores, clothing, cannon, equipments and transportation, to the amount of over $352,000,000.

The Rebels had removed everything, however, of any value, and totally demolished everything they could not take with them.

The quarters consist only of a few wretched huts, which have been burned down. The officers' barracks, however, are splendid structures, of great architectural beauty, and replete with luxurious furnishings; having all the modern improvements, and being two minutes' walk from the ferries. The barracks of the troops are in no way inferior to them.

All the railroad-bridges between here and the South are burned, and the tracks torn up....

This can not baffle a MC ARONE....

I shall send my troops South by rail, just as if nothing had happened, and that, whenever I please.

My Generals have just sent for me to come and give them some ideas. I must go.

Later.—I have this moment received the last official reports of the Hampton Roads affair. They are from the cook on board the *Monitor*, and from a European gentleman of great military talent who lives near Fortress Monroe.

....This last person is the author of all the military criticisms on General MCCLELLAN that appear in the *Tribune*. He was, in early life, a powder-monkey in the Alsatian navy, but was disgraced for stealing.

He is also the artist who designs all the pictures of the two great iron-clad vessels for the daily papers. Here are a couple he sends me. You will recognize the style.

The *Monitor's* cook expresses it as his opinion that the *Merrimac* is a failure. He was not on the *Monitor* during the engagement, but says that he has seen several tugs run into and smashed in the East River. New York Harbor he believes to be perfectly safe from any attack on the part of the *Merrimac*....

You need not remove the VANITY FAIR Office to Colt's Neck, N. J., therefore, at present.

*** I authorize you to contradict the rumor that President LINCOLN will withdraw his late Message on emancipation because of the opposition of the *Daily Times*.

Also, the report that Government is about purchasing 10,000 Rebel troops to send into FREMONT'S Department, in order that the *Tribune* may make him out a great hero.

Also, that this country is hereafter to be known as the United Territories, to please Mr. ASHLEY.

Yours, till next week,

MCARONE.

"Here we go Up, Up, Up!"

There's nothing like a balloon for going Up in.

The above original reflection was suggested to us by the case of General FREMONT, who has just gone Up with LA MOUNTAIN.

PORTRAIT OF A MANASSAS QUAKER.

NUTS FOR NATURAL HISTORIANS.

By Picus Martius.

The present Rebellion has exercised strange influences upon the inferior orders of animate creation, producing phenomena of a novel, and in some instances weird nature, and—and in short discomboborating things generally.

We propose to make a few notes of some of these phenomena, for the benefit, chiefly, of the select class of Natural Historians exclusively represented by ourself.

And we commence with the Ornithological department, for the purpose of noting The Influence of the Rebellion upon some of the American Birds; and *vice versa*, to wit:

Note 1st.—It has been noticed of late, that whenever the Parrots carried with our armies speak to the Rebels, the effect is, first, to make the mass of their forces quail, and finally, every man of them fleas.

2*d.*—There is strong cause for the belief, that the fear of being implicated in certain suspicions of disloyalty will deter the Reedbirds from visiting their feeding grounds around Philadelphia next season.

(N. B.—As an offset to the foregoing, however, it may be a consolation to know, that, thanks to the Albany Legislature, there is likely to be in New York at least, a large increase in the amount of rail.)

3*d.*—Recent investigations at Washington have satisfactorily demonstrated that the French duck called *canard*, numbers of which have been seen since the Rebellion, flying about the country, nothing more than a variety of the common *Techna Americana* or American gull.

4*th.*—It is reliably stated that the white feather has recently become conspicuous in all the game of the South. This is not strange when we consider how many of the blacks they are losing daily.

5*th.*—Persons of well-known reputation assert, that the crows throughout the revolted States have recently become suddenly silent, no longer uttering a sound of any kind. They assign as a reason for this, that finding the Rebels determined to persist in a wicked and desperate struggle, these sagacious birds unanimously resolved to abandon their caws.

We don't Wonder!

"Physicians state that the Emperor's mind is undoubtedly disordered at times."—*Paris Correspondence, Herald*, March 9.

"The Emperor, it is said, carefully reads all the news from the United States."—*Paris Correspondence, Herald*, March 12.

Comment is unnecessary.

McCLELLAN TO THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

March 14th, 1862.

Soldiers, who thirst for fight!
Not purposeless has been this long delay:
Your discipline, perfecting day by day,
Slowly but surely has prepared the way
For deeds of matchless might.

Not for your friends in arms,
Who far away have late done noble things,
Has been reserved the giant blow that rings
Loudest in listening ears, and soonest brings
The foe's most real alarms:

To *you* is given the blow—
To *you*, as proud an army as e'er trod
The earth;—behold, 'tis *you*, who, under God,
Will shortly wield the dread avenging nod
That shall destroy the foe.

As through your ranks I ride,
Your glance is give sure prestige of success.
Your willing hearts my plans will surely bless,
In souls like yours, I feel with thankfulness
Our country may confide.

I bring you face to face
With desperate men, who needs must do or die.
What'er I do, you know you may rely
On one who loves you,—one who'll never fly
Except from deep disgrace.

Soldiers, the way is hard:
But God smiles on us—triumph must await!
Courage like yours will take control of fate.
Your toils and trials, comrades, will be great—
But greater your reward.

A Landlubberly Idea.

Over a timber-yard may be seen the following inscription:

KNEES FOR SHIPS.

This suggests the following queries:

Are ships in general provided with knees to assist them in running blockade?—or are knees furnished to privateers only, to enable them to Prey.

Disappointed.

When our Solemn Man heard that Pillow and Floyd had been "suspended," he smiled for the first time since the last; but upon being told that they were only suspended from their commands, he went out hastily and has not since been heard from.

A Proper Name.

Some classical gentlemen object in the newspapers to the name of Pea Ridge as too vulgar for historical dignity; but we confess that we like it better since the Rebels have been Shelled Out.

Appropriate.

It is rumored that a service of Iron Plate is to be presented to Captain Ericsson, the inventor of the *Monitor*.

Iron Sharpeneth Iron.

That is the reason why the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* was so sharply contested.

The Monitor.

The Rebel newspapers compare Ericsson's *Monitor* to a cheese box. Our own impression is that they found it rather Mighty.

The Last Rebel Rally.

The North Carolina *Standard* says that the seat of the rebel government is to be removed from Richmond to Raleigh.

The "Only" Wear" for Traitorous Sheets.

Muzzlin'.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH IN PERIL!

THOSE salvors of human wrecks and pillars of the temple of HYGEIA, the patent-medicine-venders, are much exercised about the proposition to levy an import on their potent potions. They accuse the Ways and Means of a gigantic conspiracy against human life, and protest against the intrusion of the Demon Foot of Taxation into that charmed circle wherein they reverse the proceeding of MARGRAVE in BULWER'S "Strange Story," by turning medicine into gold instead of gold into medicine. To prevent the threatened innovation, they have rushed to Washington, and are said to be freely administering the root of all evil as a legislative alternative.

Be it understood that their object is purely philanthropic. They desire to prevent the success of a measure which, by raising the prices of their infallible curatives, would place the means of "rescue from the jaws of death" beyond the reach of scrofulous and otherwise diseased persons in indigent circumstances. What reader of VANITY FAIR who knows what it is to be "troubled with humors," can hesitate to wish them success? Who that has any bowels, can fail to sympathise with them? A more benign and disinterested body of men than these disciples of MERCURY—the God of Physic and of Thieves—is not, to use a vulgarism, to be found out of jail. No doubt as they protest against the wrong contemplated toward the sick and suffering, their eyes

> ——"drop tears as fast as the Arabian tree
> Its medicinal gum."

As statesmen the Ways and Means ought to know that thirty years ago the British Parliament gave its sanction to "RUSSELL'S Purge." Why then should the Congress of the United States impose a suppressive tax upon RADWAY'S or HOLLOWAY'S? Again, is not the Federal Legislature laboring to heal our intestine disorders, and are not the efforts of the patent-pill compounders directed to the same important end? Besides, pills are strictly constitutional. (See Ex-Senator BRANDRETH on constitutional law.) To tax them would be tantamount to levying a duty on internal improvements.

Moreover, if Patent Medicines are struck down, what becomes of that Palladium of our Liberties, the Independent Press. "Throw physic to the dogs," and down go the columns that support the said Palladium—the advertising columns.

And how, let us then ask the Ways and Means, is that portion of the public "given up by family physicians" to be "restored to its normal condition" in the absence of patent regulators, invigorators, recuperators and what not? Extinguish the Pain Extractor, and scorched and scalded humanity must live and die skinless, for what can replace the lost peltry save that wonderful reproductive agent? Would it not be barbarous to banish the pleasant lozenge so often solicited with tears, that saves infancy from the worm, and prevents "mothers' hopes" and "fathers' darlings" from being spoiled by "insidious parasites?" And then there are the agonies of teething. India-rubber is said to make the gum elastic, but every matron knows the contrary. The idea that childrens' teeth can be comfortably cut with ivory is equally fallacious; and to employ cold steel is the unkindest cut of all. "Soothing Syrup" is the sovereign balm, and nothing else. Some of the Ways and Means are fathers and must know

> "How sharper that the serpents' tooth it is
> To have a teething child,"

How could they be such Herods, as to recommend a tax inimical to The WINSLOW? The ointments that cure all sores save those on the body politic—how would the world survive their loss? And the Sarsaparilla, what can we expect from the blood without it? What would be the fate of the generally-debilitated, deprived of Professor PUDDLEFOG'S Promethean Pulse Propellor, and who that has been rescued from apparent death by the simple act of writing R. R. R. on the lid of his coffin, would be willing to see those three magic letters driven by taxation out of the Quacksalver's pharmacopœia?

But it cannot be; Congress is not an institution for the exclusion of Health from Mankind. Its members will not permit patent medicines to be put down. If they should do so, what security would there be for human existence? Life Assurance companies would raise their premiums, and the race degenerate with a rapidity that would astonish even BAYARD TAYLOR, who says that as it is, we are becoming "small by degrees and beautifully less" with each succeeding generation. Everybody knows that the thousands killed by the regular faculty would not now be in their graves, if they had taken up with outsiders. What would become of mankind if the regulars were to have them all to themselves? Death would have his skeleton hands so full of business, that even Sunday would not be a *dies non* with him.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

Never since auriferous apples hung in the gardens of those gifted female horticulturists the HESPERIDES, have such golden opportunities been offered to pluck and enterprise as are now going a begging in Secessia. True, the seizure of these glittering chances involves a fight with an "anaconda" to which the pippin-guarding dragon was a mere mudsill monster, but we all know that "who's afraid" is the motto of every Dixian demagogue, we beg pardon, demigod. Dixie is the very land where CADMUS sowed the dragon's teeth that produced such a tremendous yield of armed volunteers, and the soil has been famous for its crops of bravos—braves we would say—and bowie knives ever since.

And yet, the other day, when Governor MOORE of Louisiana called for five thousand Cids to exterminate every "LINCOLN mercenary," he was answered, as if by Echo, with a universal "nary!" Again, when the Leesburg *Washingtonian* of last week announced a "golden opportunity to enlist," the Bayards of the Sacred Soil were so blind as not to "see it." Nay, it is even said that when Dr. CHOPPIN, BEAUREGARD'S Aid, implored the people of New Orleans to rise as one man, only one man—and he was drunk—evinced a willingness to "turn out" and "go in." Furthermore, we learn that at a public meeting in Richmond an enthusiastic Rebel orator was floored after this fashion: "Rouse brother patriots," he shouted, "rouse, and at once, or the spectacle of your homes in flames, your wives and children weltering in their blood, will soon blast your eyes. "Blast your eyes!" responded some snake-in-the-grass of a Unionist from among the crowd, and the meeting broke up in confusion. The truth is that "golden opportunities," unaccompanied as they are by specie payments, are at present at an enormous discount in the Southern Glory market. Shinplasters are no good to a dead soldier's legatees, and it is well understood that the promises to pay on Secession scrip, are by no means as reliable as Scripture. Hence the Rebel government is compelled to resort to drafts—not of the kind which men are willing to take, but of a sort by which they are unwilling to be taken—in.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Jenkins's Vest-pocket Lexicon. An English Dictionary of All Except Familiar Words; including the principal Scientific and Technical terms, and Foreign Moneys, Weights and Measures. By JABEZ JENKINS. *Philadelphia:* J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 1861.

Let not the reader suppose that this is a compilation by the celebrated JENKINS of the London *Morning Post*, or by the no less celebrated JENKINS of the *N. Y. Herald*, who has, we believe, recently rushed into print as a "pilgrim of fashion." On the contrary, judging from its brief preface, it is the work of a modest painstaking individual of the city of Penn, with a Scriptural prenomen, which dignifieth the Jenkinsonian family. With the exception of the bound volumes of VANITY FAIR, which are universally conceded to be made up of words of wisdom, this is the most sensible little book we know of. Mr. JENKINS says, it is "an English Dictionary of all except familiar words." How triumphantly his assertion is verified may be known by the fact, (and those who doubt can send to the publisher for the book and see for themselves,) that after a careful examination of the work we can exclaim with RICHELIEU, (slightly altered,)

> In the Vest-pocket Lexicon of JENKINS,
> There's no such word as "fail."

Leisure Hours in Town. By the Author of The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Mr. POYD, so popular as a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Fraser's Magazine*, is a parson of the right stamp, and has here used his leisure hours in town to good purpose. Some parsons are too muscular, like KINGSLEY; some too drivelling, like CHEEVER, and some too BARNUMY, like BEECHER; but the "Recreations" indicate that even DIOGENES might find at least one with whom it would be safe to "drink in the dark."

AWFUL POSSIBILITY.

Tough Spinster.—"DEAR ME?—TO THINK OF US POOR GIRLS IF ALL THE ABLE-BODIED MEN ARE TO BE SENT OFF TO THE WAR!"

The Pirates of the Press.

Either poverty or want of principle, or both combined, or something else, involves certain representatives of the Press in very shabby expedients for rendering their journals attractive at a cheap and easy rate. The example, we are sorry to say, has been set in such high quarters as Franklin Square, the "Journal of Civilization" there published having always drawn largely upon *Punch* for its humorous illustrations, and that without acknowledgement of source. Nay, in several cases have JOHN LEECH's characters done duty in that journal for personages never contemplated by that great satirist. See what it is to set a bad example! Here we find the productions of another great satirist, known to the Children of Earth as VANITY FAIR, figuring, from time to time in newspapers as original contributions. The Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* is remarkably fond of reproducing the caricatures of VANITY FAIR; but it is very simple of the S. E. P. to imagine that they pass for its own, as everybody has seen them in the right owner's columns beforehand, and nobody looks at them in the larcenious sheets but to exclaim against the clumsiness of the attempted deception, and the piratical proclivities of country editors ambitious to decorate the turkey-buzzard with the peacock's tail.

Of a Size.

By an announcement in Kentucky papers, we learn that the famous Mammoth Cave Hotel is to be re-opened on the first of April. BARNUM's Obese Young Woman has been engaged as bar-maid to the establishment, and the Hippopotamus as house-dog.

Query.

Isn't a trifle odd that a man finds it best to Knock Under when he's Knocked Over?

THE REBEL FORCE AT MANASSAS.

BEING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REPORTS LAST WEEK.

(*From the Herald.*)

"It is evident from the charred remnants of buttons and horse-shoes lying in piles throughout the deserted camp, that there could have been at no time less than 175,000 men stationed here under JOHNSON. To advance against such an army defended by fortifications absolutely impregnable, would have been worse than folly. It would have been foolish. Let Abolition sheets then howl as they may, and seek by underhand means to detract from the brilliancy of the great 'strategic' movement! They cannot shake the confidence which the Public reposes in Gen. MC CLELLAN and in the *Herald*, which now has a larger circulation than all the rest of its contemporaries put together."

(*From the Tribune.*)

"It is now ascertained beyond a doubt that the only occupants of Manassas for the past six months have been four women and a yellow dog. The "quaker" guns found in the fortifications are not painted logs, as at first reported, but simply the pounding-barrels used by these women on washing-day, and then put out in the sun to dry. And this is the foe which has kept our magnificent army of 100,000 men chafing in their camps about Washington since last November, at a cost of several millions per day! Gen. MC CLELLAN may indeed be complimented upon the signal manner in which he has "organized conquered victory!"

"Late last night a mounted orderly dashed into camp with the intelligence that Mrs. MC CLELLAN had a headache. Hearing this the General mounted his horse, and accompanied by his entire staff rode back to Washington. He is expected to return in a week or two. When he does we shall probably make the long-desired movement towards Richmond."

(*From the World.*)

"It is certain that there were 70,000 troops here last week. When I say that a thing is certain you may depend that it is. I was here last summer at Bull Run, and I know all about it. There is nothing of interest in the way of army news. A very pleasing little incident occurred yesterday however, in which I chanced to be the chief actor. BAYARD TAYLOR, N. P. WILLIS and I, separating ourselves from the vulgar head of newspaper reporters, rode, chatting over, the Bull Run battle-field. Suddenly WILLIS stopped, and beckoning to me,—etc., etc., etc.

(*From the Evening Post.*)

"JOHNSON'S army undoubtedly evacuated this place a month ago. Since that time Manassas has been held by an Alabama regiment and two companies of WHEAT'S battalion, who were unable to get away with the rest, being all down sick with the measles. These just recovered in time to elude the grasp of our van-guard.

"Gen. MC CLELLAN has just arrived 'a day after the fair.' The foe has slipped triumphantly through his fingers, and it will not be easy to catch him now. The Committee on the Conduct of the War is here gathering the facts for its report to Congress. This report, it is said, will be very damaging indeed to Gen. MC CLELLAN, who will undoubtedly be relieved of his command in a day or two. Gen. FREMONT is the man for the place."

A Southern Earl.

If Union has its brace of Princes, Disunion has its Earl, *videlicet*, Earl VAN DORN, a Major-general in the C. S. A., who recently faced death with his heels, in Arkansas. The following sentence from a letter addressed to him by General CURTIS, after that officer and General SIGEL had chased the Earl and his myrmidons into the woods, will serve to show that he is a nobleman of whom Dahomey might well be proud.

"The General regrets that we find on the battle-field, contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, many of the federal dead who were tomahawked, scalped, and their bodies shamefully mangled."

A Bull from our Pope.

Gen. POPE has banished BISHOP POLK from the Western waters. They have proved to him a troubled See.

THE BLIGHT-SPELL.

"And in those days divers evil-minded folke didde follow ye water-foule wizard of ye Evening Poste and ye felle witch of ye Tribune, and with much badde spe lles and wicked words didde strive to worke a blyghte uponne ye good Generalle MacClellan."—(*Old Tract, slightly altered.*)

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

VANITY FAIR, having obtained at great expense the only available reporter in Washington, is herewith enabled to furnish a succinct but comprehensive report of the current proceedings of Congress. The reader will the more readily accept an apology for our past neglect of this important department of general news, when he is informed that the annexed summary embraces almost the entire business of the past five months.

WASHINGTON, March.

SENATE.

Mr. SUMNER presented petitions for the emancipation of slaves.

Mr. FOSTER presented numerous petitions against the reduction of salaries of Senators and Members of Congress. He said that he should suffer extreme mortification in so doing, but for the extraonerous duties which the war imposed upon this body. In this connection he remarked that slavery was a doomed institution, and that the war was working out its natural results.

Mr. SAULSBURY understood that the war was for the Constitution and Union. Mr. POWELL inquired the object of the war.

Mr. WILLEY denied that this was a war; it was an insurrection.

Mr. GRIMES rose to a point of order.

Mr. WILLEY expressed surprise that the gentleman should endeavor to restrain debate, when he yesterday allowed himself so much latitude.

Mr. G. (with warmth)—The gentleman, in casting my latitude, is in danger of losing his own reckoning. He may measure a degree of longitude upon this floor which——

Cries of "order," "order."

Quiet being restored, a resolution of inquiry was offered, as to whether the old issue of Demand Treasury Notes had yet been made a legal tender.

Mr. WILSON presented numerous petitions in favor of emancipation of slaves.

Mr. MORRILL offered an amendment to the Tax Bill.

Mr. SHERMAN offered a joint resolution expressing the thanks of Congress to Gen. FREMONT and Gen. JIM LANE for the able management of their respective Departments, and for their efficient services in the war; also a resolution appointing a Committee to investigate the acts of Gen. MCCLELLAN, and inquire as to the expediency of relieving him from further active service.

Adopted.

The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was postponed.

Mr. DAVIS offered a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. POWELL. Resolutions were offered for the expulsion of numerous Senators.

Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. ASHLEY reported a bill for the abolition of slavery.

Mr. STEVENS offered a resolution, that the Committee on Naval Affairs be instructed to inquire why the *Merrimac* was allowed to reach Hampton Roads before the *Monitor*.

Mr. BINGHAM wished to find no fault, but he believed the disaster to our fleet was due to the negligence of Government in not removing Gen. MCCLELLAN.

Mr. KELLOGG said that, although the attention of the Government had been repeatedly called to the existence of an armed rebellion at the South, no inquiry had been made into the facts.

On motion, the resolution was referred to the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

Petitions were presented, asking Congress to turn its attention to business.

The House, in Committee of the Whole, then resumed the consideration of the Tax Bill.

Mr. RICHARDSON offered an amendment to the Bill.

Mr. LOVEJOY inquired what the man meant. He was opposed to tinkering the Bill.

Mr. RICHARDSON said the Bill needed amending. He was opposed to such a tax, altogether.

Mr. LOVEJOY appealed to the Chair, that he had made no attacks upon the gentleman.

Mr. R. repeatedly sought to explain.

Mr. HICKMAN rose to a question of order, saying that Mr. RICHARDSON had no right to interrupt the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. LOVEJOY.)

Mr. RICHARDSON characterized the conduct of Mr. HICKMAN as indecent.

Mr. HICKMAN (in an earnest tone)—"I pronounce that a libel upon me, and I'll not permit it."

Mr. RICHARDSON advised the gentleman to be cautious in the use of his pronouns.

Cries of "order," "order."

A debate ensued on amendments and the general provisions of the Bill.

On motion, the bill for the abolition of slavery was made the special order for the following day.

Adjourned.

MANASSAS.

For panic and speed, the Confederates' stampede
From "The Gap," Bull Run running surpasses,
And History its name, as a key to their shame,
Should convert to "The Gap of Man-asses."
In *our* flying feat we made tracks because beat
By a visible tangible foe;
But when they got wind of our coming they shinned
To the rear, nor awaited the blow.

General LEE, scarce as bold as his namesake of old,
Without firing a shot took to tramping,
And by rail through the swamp, with his fine *aides-de-camp*
Thought it prudent to go *a-decamping*.
As the rolling stock came, crowds rolled into the same,
For a combat was not in their *role*,
And their backs upon Mars turned those heroes of Cars,
In a body, with carcases whole.

When the much-hurried host from these quarters vamosed
They left for the incoming party,
All littered around prose and verse (machine ground)
Just to show they were great *literati*.
There were scrawls not a few, from fair demoiselles who
Were in want of some fresh scalps of Yankees,
And unfinished replies, much more boastful than wise,
From dear FREDDYS and HARRYS and FRANKYS.

One was writ in red ink (this of all was the pink,)
Which was warranted blood by the author,
And of tenderest verse, quite too tough to rehearse,
There was found a sufficiency—rather.
The Rebs' spelling alas! proved them not of a class
That regard has to forms of the schools,
And a stammering Fed blurted out as he read,
"Why these rebels are all foo-foo-fools."

They made off, these spry boys, (see their yarns) as decoys,
To tempt Northern mudsills to follow,
Whom when down in the South, sick, and down in the mouth,
They will "mount" and occasion to "holler."
They can die, so they say, as they scamper away;
Glory's bed they are anxious to lie in,
And 'tis therefore supposed they have only vamosed,
Just to search for that "last ditch" to die in.

The Dignity of the Law.

In a Massachusetts Court, called, by way of joke, the Superior Court—a ruffian, the other day, leapt the bar, fell upon an attorney, knocked him down, and was fined for this trifling misdemeanor——$25! There should be a new Tariff of Costs in that Court, something like this:

For assaulting the Sheriff.....Six Cents.
" " " Clerk.....Four Cents.
" " " Judge.....Two Cents.

We hear a great deal of criticism from Massachusetts newspapers of our New York Courts; but our belief is, that Battery of the Bar by disgusted Defendants would cost more than $25.00, even in our ghastly Gomorrah. The Dead Rabbit has evidently emigrated to Western Massachusetts.

Reading for the (Rebel) Million.

TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.

If it be true that anything can be so written "that he who runs may read," then we vehemently urge each and every friend of enlightenment to write a large quantity of such things, to be placed in conspicuous positions throughout the South. For very few of the poor Chivalry can read.

But they evince an undeniable aptitude for running.

The dissemination, therefore, of such writings as those alluded to among them, would afford them a remarkably cheap, rapid, and extended means of acquiring this eminently useful branch of knowledge.

XUM

THOSE STREET BOYS!

Policeman.—"Hi! you young rascals, what makes you cut away?"
Boy.—"—Afeerd you'll bu'st!"

Frightful Apprehension.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair.

Sir:—My friend, Peter Pewter, in the course of an argument against the New Tax Bill, the other night, at "The Shades," said to me: "Why, sir, you have got to pay a million of dollars a year for your beer!" If so, I really cannot tell where I am to get the money. How is it?

Yours apprehensively,

XXX.

Humiliating Prospect.

There was a battle fought; and it is entered upon the book of contemporaneous history as the battle of Pea Ridge.

We can imagine some Humorist of the Future asking with mordacious wit, whether soldiers in the middle of the Nineteenth Century were armed with Pea Guns.

Birds' Eye View of it.

The Roman Capitol was saved by the Cackling of Geese.

Our Capital was well-nigh destroyed by the Calc'lating of the Robbin'.

Attention, Artists!

Whatever may be said in praise of Daguerreotyping, we must all pronounce it a foe-tographic art.

Only Natural.

That from Newbern we should have accounts of a New Burnside victory.

The great Rebel cry just now.

Backward to Richmond!

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE BATTLE ON THE BATTERIES.

By Telegraph from Farthest Point, to Vanity Fair.

We have awaited, with some anxiety, the transatlantic echo of our *Monitor's* guns; and now comes to our excited ear the muttering of distant thunder. Or is it only in fancy we hear the hollow, threatening growl?

From the London Times, March 25th.

The Federal Navy has been destroyed. On Saturday, 8th inst., the Confederate iron clad steamers *Virginia* and *Merrimac* entered Hampton Roads, and on that day and the following, succeeded in sinking, burning, or wrecking all Federal vessels in those waters, together with the town of Newport News on Rhode Island.

The vengeful career of these invulnerable batteries seems not to have received even the slightest check from the fire of four large frigates; or from Fortress Monroe, under whose guns the smaller craft vainly sought protection. The *Merrimac* was formerly a Federal frigate. She was captured at New Orleans, by the Confederate Comodore, Hollins. The *Virginia* was a Southern steamer running to New York. They were rebuilt and iron clad, at Norfolk, in the State of Chesapeake—from plans of the *Warrior*, furnished to Mr. Yancey for the purpose—and are armed with sixteen heavy Armstrong guns.

* * * * During the second day of devastation the Federals sent to New York for an iron nondescript called the *Monitor;* but the *Monitor* did not arrive until after dark, too late to take any important part in the conflict. Indeed being very small, carrying but two guns, and being propelled in some awkward, unheard-of fashion, by a revolving cylinder amid-ships, it would be absurd to suppose that this new Yankee invention could compete with the Confederate Invincibles modelled after our own armored champions. Fortunately for the *Monitor*, the Confederates had exhausted their ammunition. They returned to Norfolk, apparently for a further supply; and the next arrivals from America will probably bring us advice that these twins of destruction have gone down the Atlantic coast, to sweep from the seas the old wooden hulks which constitute the Federal Navy; thus practically putting at rest the vexed question of the blockade.

The cities of New York and Hoboken were thrown into a state of frantic terror; and Gen. McClellan has ordered Forts Sumter and Trumbull to be prepared for making what feeble opposition they can, to the apprehended attack of the terrible iron batteries.

These low reverberations come to us from so far across seas, we may possibly be in error, in attributing them to the *Times*; but have they not verily the intelligent and kindly tone with which that journal usually roars us on American affairs?

Hard up and high up.

We have noticed that every time the Rebels make a stand in the West their fortification is designated by the special correspondents a "new Gibraltar." This is done, we suppose, in order that the loyal heart may be continually gratified with the intelligence that the enemy is "On a Rock."

An Anecdote.

The President, as our readers are aware, went to visit the hero of the *Monitor* immediately upon his arrival in Washington.

"Well, Captain," said A. L., holding out his hand to the half-blinded officer, "I hear that they did you considerable damage."

"Oh! sir," replied Worden, who is witty as well as brave, "you mustn't believe that. The damage, I assure you, is All In My Eye."

Jenks Redivivus.

Jenks says, (and insists upon our publishing it as his first joke since the breaking out of the war) that, judging from the rapid increase in the numbers of the slaves daily coming within our lines, the Rebels will, ere long, be in a state of complete contrabandonment.

In for a Long Swing.

As Floyd and Pillow have been "suspended" until they "give a satisfactory account of their action," it is apprehended that they will find out the difference between Cutting Out and Cutting Down.

THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.

'Twas in James River, not long ago,
When the tide was falling, sluggish and slow,
That from Newport News and Fortress Monroe
A nondescript vessel was seen :
A thing like a house-roof, iron clad,
That, saucily waving over it, had
The flag of the country gone to the bad....
The Confederate colors, I mean.

The singular monster steamed along,
Its iron roof glistening, massive and strong,
While a sort of defiant and ominous song
Was sung by its puffing steam ;
Nor pausing, nor turning, it held its way
Where the river widens into a bay,
And there the blockaders motionless lay
In the broad and glassy stream.

Then a row of port-holes suddenly flew
Wide open, disclosing quite plain to the view
The cannon, neither feeble nor few,
That grinned through the iron-clad side ;
And as vainly the *Cumberland's* broadsides roared,
And the *Congress*....with scarcely a crew on board....
Made every gun ring out in accord,
The monster briskly replied.

The balls glanced off from her roof like rain,
As down on the *Cumberland* went she, amain,
And struck her amidships, again and again,
With a prow of ponderous weight ;
The tall ship rocked and her timbers crashed ;
The spray and foam on her deck were dashed....
She settled....the billows over her flashed....
And she went to the bottom straight !

The *Congress* then was the vessel doomed
And toward the spot where her rigging loomed
Dim through the smoke of her guns that boomed,
The nondescript went, full tilt ;
The men on board, as I said, were few,
The strength of their foe too well they knew,
So there seemed but one thing left to do,
Lest blood should be uselessly spilt.

She struck her colors....'twas sad to see....
And two Rebel vessels that lay to the lee
Took her officers captive....the men went free....
And burned her there as she lay ;
The *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* tried
To get to the scene, but the falling tide
Left both aground on the Newport side,
When the sun went down that day.

What might have happened, no one can know,
If the monster had been permitted to go
Among the blockaders, to and fro,
When the morrow's sun shone forth ;
But Hampton Roads "saw another sight,"
When the morning dawned on a second fight,
For behold ! the *Monitor*, during the night,
Had come to sustain the North,

The cannon thundered from these dread foes ;
They dealt each other the doughtiest blows,
Now at long range, now hauled to a close,
And bomb-shell and round-shot sang ;
A perfect tornado of iron and flame
From each of the war-dogs incessantly came,
The shot fell like rain on each heavy-mailed frame,
And loudly their armor rang.

The *Monitor* suffered nothing at all ;
Impregnable was she to powder and ball ;
But the *Merrimac's* pride got a grievous fall,
And her armor a grievous rent ;
She signaled her consorts, their aid to seek,
For she needed a tow, being badly aleak,
And looking decidedly crippled and weak,
Back to quarters at Norfolk she went.

Then all the spectators who watched far and near,
And whose hearts had been balanced between hope and fear,
Gave forth as one man a unanimous cheer,
That shook both the earth and the air ;
The battle was over, and ours was the day,
The Rebels had hobbled disabled away,
And if they're not satisfied, why, we can say,
"Just try it again if you dare !"

FIENDS AND GHOULS.

Every account from the neighborhood of Manassas brings with it some particulars of atrocities perpetrated by the rebels upon the Union soldiers who were unlucky enough to fall into their hands. The skulls of Fire Zouaves, with classical quotations inscribed upon them, seem to have been common among the Gorilla Ghouls of the C. S. A. Pipes and finger-rings, made of bones, have been discovered in the deserted camps, the midnight aspect of which, while in occupation of the rebels, must have been suggestive of an orgie of Vampyres upon a battle field. Mutilation appears to have been inculcated as part of a soldier's duty, and the soldiers were apparently very dutiful in their performance of it. The following document, said to have been discovered in a cartridge-box taken at Manassas, throws some light upon the subject.

HEAD QUARTERS, C. S. A. 16 July 1861.

Soldiers !

Now is your time. These cowardly Yankees are upon us, and it will be intolerable to stand before them—especially the Massachusetts men—on account of their vile Yankee habit of speaking through their noses. On this account make as few prisoners as possible, lest discontent should be spread through our army by the grating of the harsh Yankee twang upon the musical Southern ear. Where it is necessary to make prisoners, however, the following simple expedient will prevent them from speaking through their noses. Bite their noses off.

BEAUREGARD.

Our Harbor Defences.

A correspondent enquires of us whether it would not be possible to forge a Magnet large enough to coax the iron-sheathed *Merrimac* ashore, supposing that she should attempt to enter New York Harbor.

The project is worthy of deep consideration—say about four fathoms at low water. For the present, however, we can only see in it the converse of the process employed by Government with regard to Charleston Harbor—the latter being obstructed by Stone Loading, while ours would be secured by Load Stoning.

From Bad to Worse.

IRENE was the Goddess of Peace. In course of time her business failed; she became bankrupt, and her name was corrupted to HIREN, (*see Shakespeare.*) Later, still, this was changed to HIRON, and a Cockney hardware man was lately heard exclaiming joyfully that "Hiron is now the God of War !"

A Dose for C. S. A. Patriots.

The Army Drafts.